

## Atmosphere "3.2 Red Dog"

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(one of those nights  
warm beer, cold women  
I just don't fit in)

It goes 1, it goes 2, it goes  
3-2 red dog in the hoodie  
too much "person" in your "ality", the friction could be  
Should we continue with dialogue as I study these new  
faces  
I would fix my shoe laces, but the room place was  
Shoes cut loose at the front door,  
got dirty socks, I'm on the floor  
and thoughts is what I hunt for  
Driftin in and out of conversations I know nothing about  
Fuck your topics, I didn't come to see you  
But yo I'm here, might as well make the worst of this  
warm shitty beer  
and I'm nursin it, and cursin it  
I'm sick of it, but still grippin it and sippin it  
Hopin it'll dull the pain of the sight of your lips flippin'  
shit  
So here I sit, inside my atmosphere  
I don't know a single motherfucker here,  
but maybe that's my fear  
Pull out my notebook and let go  
Intro-spectro cep,  
Not so pleased to meet you,  
and I hate techno

I only came to see the girl that lives here,  
TW #11, cold women warm beer (x2)

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